

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"My little boy, four years old, had a terrible scrofula blemish on his neck. A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine and the result has been that the blemish has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief." Mrs. I. A. Hood, 224 Thordike St., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 23c.

IN FOLLY'S WAKE.

Customer—How do you use this insect powder? New Clerk—On the insects, ma'am.

Willetts—What's Hobson doing now? Gillett—He isn't doing anything. He's got a government position.

"Er—about this coming prize fight," said the reporter. "Well?" asked the pugilist. "Is it to be fought with bare mouths or telephones?"

Charlie—Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street for a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen. Mamma—Well, yes; but don't go too near.

"Hello, Billy! Still in the patent fire extinguisher business?" "No. The fact is, Sipes, the building we were doing business in burned down. We lost everything."

Father, solemnly—This thrashing is going to hurt me more than you, Napoleon. Napoleon, sympathetically—Well, don't be too rough on yourself, dad; I ain't worth it.

Pat, just over—Be hivins! who'd give a guinea for sich pigs as thim? Mike—Whisht, mon! They think no more of a guinea here than a sixpence in Oireland; still, it's dom dear pork.

Binaway—And young Blower, the fellow who was always boasting that he would yet do something to arouse the country; what ever became of him? Stadelhome—Manufacturing alarm clocks the last we heard.

A NEW MAN.

A NATURAL-GAS EXPERT MAKES A DISCOVERY IN CANADA.

RECIPROCITY.

Canada gets the Services of our Natural-Gas Expert, and gives us, in return, a Valuable Discovery.

Natural gas has become so important a factor in the increased facilities for cheaper manufacturing, that many have turned from other vocations in life to study and perfect the modes of transmitting it to our larger cities, but out of the many who have seen in it a great field for improvement and taken up the subject, few, very few, become experts, and only those of peculiar adaptability can hope for success. Mr. T. J. Driscoll, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of these favored few. In the Pennsylvania oil regions he is well known, and the fame of his ability at piping natural gas spread to Canada. He was engaged by the Ontario Gas Co., working at the city of Windsor, Ontario, to pipe gas for that place and Walkerville and while performing this operation, which he successfully accomplished, he made the discovery of a new man with an ambition made him feel like a new man with an ambition. He gave his story in his own words: "I have been suffering with a kidney affliction which has troubled me more or less for years. I had tried many of the remedies on the market for such complaints without any relief. During an engagement with the Ontario Natural Gas Co., while piping the city of Windsor for natural gas, I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured some and commenced taking them with the most beneficial results. I have not felt as well in years and I feel that it is all due to the agency of Doan's Kidney Pills. I pronounce them a boon to mankind, and something which should be in every household. I feel like a new man, with an ambition in life, and wish you every success which is due to such a wonderful medicine." Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for five cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Postmaster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all dealers.

Porgiving fathers sometimes kill the wrong child.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. 15 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 15 yrs since.

25 YOUNG MEN WANTED TO Work for half their tuition at PARSON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Better THAN WEALTH is a thorough business education. Send to the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College and secure a catalogue that will open TO YOU opportunities to win your way to success and fortune. A. S. PARISH, Proprietor.

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"UP TO DATE DAIRYING" containing full instruction how to secure Higher Grade Products, make

MORE BUTTER that will bring BETTER PRICE and with Less Labor get More Money

Reviewing and explaining in a practical manner... The NORMANDY (franchised) SYSTEM, DANISH DAIRY SYSTEM, and ELGIN SEPARATOR SYSTEM which have brought prosperity and ease to the dairy farmer.

Write for this valuable information. Mailed FREE on application. Kindly send address, neighboring farmers who own cows. Address: R. L. SPINASSI, Jr., Secy. Columbus & Kinross Dairy Association, 246 W. Lake St., CHICAGO.

23 CENTS PISO'S CURE FOR PILES WITH ALL THE PAINLESSNESS OF A CATHETER. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

FOR LOVE OF CATHIE.

Sidney Cavendish stood erect and rigid against the white and gold jamb of the ballroom door, with his arms folded across his breast.

His dark eyes now blazed with jealousy, and again glowed with tenderness, as he looked down the brilliant length of the salon to the flower-arched alcove, where Cathie Faye had paused with her partner of the dizzy "La Gitana" waltz.

He could only see her proud head with its rippled coils of gold-yellow hair, and the milk-white nape of her graceful neck. Or, as the whirling couples circled to and fro, he could catch a glimpse of her silken topaz-catched gown.

The gloom upon Sidney Cavendish's manly countenance became darker and more profound as he looked at her.

"Cecilia Bradley is the recipient of all her smiles to-night—of every waltz," he said to himself. "She has nothing for me except repellent coldness. It was different before Bradley came up here for the autumn shooting. I could have sworn then that she loved me."

Suddenly he dropped his arms and changed his martial-like attitude. He started down the long room, making his way dexterously between the whirling waltzers.

As he neared Cathie Faye and her evidently fascinated companion, some instinct caused her to turn and to lift her eyes toward him.

With her topaz brown eyes, her gold-yellow hair, her alabaster skin, and her lips like a cleft cherry, Cathie Faye was lovely enough to gain the love of any man.

As she turned toward Cavendish, a large rose she wore in her bodice became unfurled and dropped to the floor.

Both men sprang forward to pick it up, and both touched it at the same instant.

"It is mine," said Cecilia Bradley.

"I claim it," Cavendish said in the same breath.

"It is mine," Bradley repeated with a movement as if he would strike the other's hand aside.

Physically he might have been regarded as a more attractive man than Cavendish.

His features were faultlessly molded, colorless, and of the supposed aristocratic type.

He was swarthy as a Spaniard, with curling black hair and a delicately up-turned little black mustache.

The dark-gray eyes of Cavendish, his intellectual brow and full, firm lips, indicated more masculine strength and power.

Those gray eyes flashed lightning at Bradley's motion to push back his hand.

But he restrained himself nobly. "Cathie—Miss Faye—shall decide the matter," he said quietly.

"I agree to that," said Bradley.

Being asked to thus openly and decisively to choose between them, naturally embarrassed the girl.

She forced a bubble of laughter from her cherry lips.

"You shall neither have it," she exclaimed, with a pretty, girlish pout.

And reaching suddenly down, she snatched the poor unoffending rose and tore it into a hundred fragments.

"Let us hope you do not treat hearts in the same manner," Bradley commented jestingly.

It was a jest which the girl deemed untimely, and she was offended by it.

Her glance of scornful displeasure was so scathing that Bradley's covertly sneering features flushed, and he suddenly sauntered away.

"Why are you so cold and strange, Cathie? What have I done that I am denied even one single dance tonight?" Cavendish asked, when his rival left them together.

She did not answer. But something in her look—sorrowful, incredulous, and lily proud—half maddened him.

"You must have known I loved you," he continued passionately. "And I thought, sweet, that you loved me. And yet in a week, a day, you change toward me. Your smiles, your kindness are for another. For me you have only coldness and scorn. Don't you think, Cathie, I deserve to know the reason of all this at least?"

Cathie looked at him with a coquetish smile.

"Call it a woman's caprice, if you like," she answered, with a little shrug of her graceful shoulders.

Cavendish sighed. He had never fancied her capricious, nor a coquette, and he disliked to believe it now.

He knew not what to believe. She had cared for him once—of that he was sure as he was of his own existence.

He espied Bradley coming back, and with a grave salute he walked away.

The instant he did so the girl's entire countenance changed and saddened.

"How can I believe what Cecil says of him? How can I?" she murmured. "Ah, Sidney, you are right! I did love you, and I love you still!"

Many of the guests departed early, only those remaining who lived in the immediate vicinity of the elegant summer villa.

There were two who crossed a little lake to the big hotel on the opposite side.

These two were Cavendish and Cecilia Bradley.

It was nearly midnight when they went down the long path through the villa ground to the small pagoda-like structure on the lake's bank where their shift was moored.

It was a damp autumn night and a dense vapor covered the water from shore to shore.

Half way across the lake Cavendish uttered a startled exclamation.

Bradley, who was rowing, stopped the motion of his oars.

For a moment they ignored their enmity, and worked in concert to save themselves from sinking until they could gain the bank only half a mile distant.

But their efforts were unavailing. Under the fresh gilding and gorgeous paint, the boat's timbers were old and rotten.

They could make no headway with the oars, and in three minutes after Cavendish discovered the leak, they knew they must sink.

One might reach the bank, but not both. Their united weight was too much for the fast filling craft; and any bailing was ineffectual with only their caps as substitutes for buckets.

"One of us can save himself, Bradley. Tell me truly, does Cathie Faye love you? Has she promised to be your wife?" Cavendish abruptly inquired.

"She is to be my wife; she loves me! Do you intend to throw me overboard, now you know it? You need not try! If either reaches the shore, I shall," Bradley replied with evil meaning.

"You need not blacken your soul with what you threaten," Cavendish said quietly. "I will relieve the boat of my weight at once. Cathie's happiness is more to me than my life. I only regret I cannot leave her to a better man."

As Cavendish spoke, a clear, stern, girlish voice rang through the resonant air like the note of a bugle.

"Don't jump, Sidney! I am coming to save you," Cathie Faye called to him.

The next instant her own boat—looming weirdly through the fog like some unreal or magic vision—shot alongside the endangered craft.

The wonderful fact of her addressing him instead of his rival—indeed, of her being there at all—held Cavendish dumb for a moment.

He was scarcely conscious of the movement when he stepped into the boat beside her.

Then he suddenly recovered from his bewilderment.

"You are not going without your promised husband?—the man you love?" he exclaimed in astonishment, as she suddenly headed her boat for the shore.

"I do not love him, and he knows it! I have this night refused to be his wife. What he told you a moment ago was a wicked falsehood!" Cathie said indignantly.

In the peculiarly still air she had heard Bradley's words plainly as she approached, herself unheard and unseen.

"Cathie, Cathie! don't leave me like this!" Bradley pleaded, in a craven tone.

She could not have taken him, if she would. Her boat was a mere cockle shell, and it was already sufficiently freighted for safety.

"Cathie, how can you be so cruel? I shall drown, if you abandon me," Bradley whined, as the boat receded in the mist.

But Cathie was inexorable.

"Oh, you're safe enough, now you have the boat to yourself," she called back contemptuously.

It was the unerring instinct of love which guided her to the lake on that tragic midnight.

She was suddenly beset with contrition for having slighted and pained the man she really loved.

With the contrition was mingled a conviction that she had wronged him in crediting Bradley's assertions and insinuations.

"He persuaded me that you had long been betrothed to another; and that you trifled with every pretty girl who would listen to you," she said to Cavendish.

"And you could believe it? Oh, Cathie! her lover said reproachfully. 'After you were gone,' she continued penitently, 'it all at once occurred to me that Cecil Bradley had belied you, and that he might attempt to harm you on the lake, where nobody could hear anything. My fears would not let me rest, so I stole out of the house and followed you.'

"My brave darling! You have saved my life; and you have saved him, no doubt, from a life of remorse," said Cavendish, kissing her tenderly.

"And you forgive me for doubting you?" she asked, with tears.

"I am so happy, sweet, knowing you are mine, that I can forgive even Bradley. Any way, he sinned for love of you," the lover answered.

HINTS FOR BRIDES.

Old and New Customs Regarding the Marriage Day.

The wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand.

The parents of the bride are the first to congratulate her after the ceremony has been performed, then the parents of the bridegroom, then the assembled friends in their order.

Love in marriage should be the accomplishment of a beautiful dream, and not, as too often proves, the end. The mutual tolerance and forbearance of life are as greatly the secret of happiness in marriage as in anything else.

We have to tolerate unpleasant things in our companions in any relations of life, and why try to build up a law of marriage in any other way?

If the room is not of sufficient size to admit of seating the guests at a wedding breakfast or supper, they may be served standing, as usual in the supper-room at a dancing party. The bride's place is beside her husband on the right at the center of the table, her father being at the top and her mother at the bottom of the table doing the honors.

When a wedding is solemnized in church, the bride will take her place to the left of the bridegroom; the father, whose duty it is to give away the bride stands behind the young couple, in advance of the others, the mother just behind him. In the rear of the bridal pair, the bridesmaids and groomsmen are grouped, the former to the left, the latter to the right of their respective principals. When a wedding takes place at the house of the bride, the same order may be observed as at church.

Familiarity Resented.

O'Toole—Have ye anny leathers here for me?

Postmaster—What's your name?

O'Toole—None of your business; don't get gay wid me.

WOMEN DIPLOMATS.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF OUR AMBASSADORS.

Mrs. Bayard Is a Favorite at Windsor Castle and Often Lodges with the Queen—Miss Ethel Washburn at the Austrian Capital.



IT IS VERY PLEASANT to know that the wives and daughters of some American ministers now abroad, filling foreign missions for their country, have met with an unusual degree of favor in their respective foreign courts.

None have suffered at all by being placed within the fierce light that beats upon royalty; and nearly all have met with marked distinction, shown in various court ways.

Mrs. Bayard has been one of the most favored of all the ladies abroad. She has several times been received informally by Queen Victoria; and on occasions of festivities at Windsor she has been invited to remain over night in the castle. And with Victoria Regina this means as much as it does when you or I—wishing to be sure of the presence of a favorite guest—ask her to come early, stay all night and remain for a gossip the next day.

Mrs. Bayard is, even at home with her own people, a very quiet, reserved woman, with little American enthusiasm or ardor. Perhaps this fact, with her highly educated mind, makes her all the more acceptable to the conservative English ladies. She wears some of the smartest gowns seen at Windsor or at the smart balls of English society. Mrs. Bayard is not a young woman, although very delightful in conversation and as entertaining as a season's belle.

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many a personality fitted to be much at home anywhere in the world. She combines New York birth with Moravian seminary training, among the Moravian nuns of Pennsylvania, with knowledge picked up by extensive travel in the tropics and explorations, wherever it is permitted women to travel. Mrs. Runyon and Mrs. Levi P. Fuller, wife of Vermont's governor, are said to be the most intelligently traveled woman in the world. Mrs. Runyon entertains even as much as the German minister's wife has done for several administrations and is extremely liked abroad.

Mrs. Bartlett Tripp and her daughter, Miss Washburn, were among the first ladies received when the Empress Elizabeth of Austria emerged from her retirement a year ago and began—after long mourning for her son Rudolph—to hold a limited court. The empress admired Miss Washburn and made many inquiries concerning her personality. And when told that she was called "The Lily of the West," her majesty exclaimed, "How very beautiful!"

Mrs. Tripp is one of the best dressed women in the Austrian capital. One of her favorite gowns, which might indeed be called her picture dress, is of red velvet trimmed with a heavy beaded material set thick with pearls. She has adapted the Viennese styles, greatly to the pleasure of the Austrian ladies; and, like them, contrives queer and picturesque neck arrangements to harmonize with her gowns.

Miss Washburn, a very stately brunette, dresses in white on public occasions; as, although presented to the empress in a semi state, she has not yet passed through the society ordeal known as "coming out."

Mrs. W. W. Thomas, Jr., has led a life always in court circles, and its most important events have been, one might say, "natal events." On her seventeenth birthday she was presented at the Swedish court—the daughter of a nobleman. On her eighteenth birthday she married an American gentleman traveling abroad, Mr. W. W. Thomas. On the day she was 20 she presented Sweden with a little Swedish-American boy, and two years from that day found her again making her bow to King Oscar, as the wife of a minister plenipotentiary. Mrs. Thomas is one of those beautiful women who go through life listening to sonnets dedicated to "My lady's eyebrow," and whose path is strewn with the fragrant flowers of adulation. The Swedish Beauty and Art Reviews teem with pictures of her and allusions to her loveliness. Her dinners are declared to be international poems.

Mrs. Ewing, with her two daughters and son in Belgium are entertaining and being entertained more than has been customary in that country. Every week they give large dinners, and frequently they are invited into the royal families of the Belgians. Indeed, in that country the "caste" line is so rigorously drawn that the ladies must associate with nobles or with no one at all.

Miss Ruth Baker, daughter of the Minister to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador, is a young woman who, if she were in a fashionable court, would reign as one of its most renowned beauties. In Minnesota she was considered the fairest belle in a state of fair women.

Although very young, Miss Baker has seen a good deal of the world, and is her father's inseparable and loyal companion.

It has often been predicted that American ladies, subjected to the flatteries and becoming used to the homage of foreign courts, would be spoiled for life afterward in their own homes. But such has never proved to be the case! In every instance, after a four years' experience abroad as the wife of a diplomat and a friend of royalty, the American woman has come back to her native shores singing, not the strains of regret for glories left behind, but rather shouting with true American emphasis the words:

"There's no place like home!"

Electric Mail Cars in Brooklyn, N. Y. The Atlantic Avenue Railway com-



GEORGE GOULD.

The Young Millionaire Is an All Around Athlete.

The youngest money king in the world, George Jay Gould, will never suffer from dyspepsia, as his father did. He is what may be called an all-around athlete, and there is no legitimate sport in which he is not interested. Leaving out clay pigeons, which is his greatest hobby, he loves yachting more than anything. He likes a good long jaunt on horseback, knows how to ride a wheel and hunts and fishes with an expert hand. George Gould, like his father, has no manners of an aristocrat. At one time, when the physicians had ordered Jay Gould to walk three or four miles a day, it was a familiar sight to see George Gould and his father tramping up Broadway, George with long, athletic strides and his father with little, hopped-up steps, his left foot turned in a little, trying to keep up with the athletic son, and out of the pockets of George's coat bulged bundles, nor did he disdain to carry under his arm at times packages that were inconveniently unwieldy. When awaiting a train in the Grand Central station to take him to his Irvington home it has been the custom of George Gould to talk with the trainmen, to ask brakemen questions, to watch the coupling of cars, and he has never lost his interest in the new invention by which gas is forced into a reservoir underneath some of the palace cars so that they may be lighted. He talks with anybody and everybody. There is no air of the aristocrat about him, and train hands have been amazed sometimes when they have heard that this swarthy cheeked and black eyed young man who has shown so much inquisitiveness was George Gould, the son of Jay.

Explosion of a Silvering Mixture.

Sanderson Drury, a youth of 18, was nearly blinded recently by the explosion of a mixture of nitric acid and mercury. Drury had a brass watch chain, and he was anxious to turn it into silver. He learnt the secret how to do this from one of the itinerant lecturers who attend Shipley Market, and he paid a visit to a chemist and purchased a mixture of nitric acid and mercury, which was supplied to him in a bottle. He had not gone far from the shop when the bottle was blown to pieces, the glass and the acid striking Drury in the face. At first it was thought by bystanders that the youth was killed. They conveyed him to the hospital, where Dr. Foster found that there were serious injuries to the eyes and face. The usual remedies were applied and the patient is going on as well as can be expected, although he has not yet regained his eyesight.—Yorkshire Evening Post.

The Photograph in the Class Room.

Prof. McKendrick of Glasgow university carried out an interesting experiment in his physiology class one day recently. The occasion was the formal closing of the summer session, and the professor gave a practical demonstration of the ability of the photograph to deliver the lecture which he had previously spoken into the instrument. The words were distinctly heard in every corner of the class room. Of late, suggests the Christian Commonwealth, such "demonstrations" on the part of noisy students have occurred and occurred in certain of the medical classes in the university that the suggestion to substitute the photograph for the personnel of the lecturer may not seem altogether far fetched.

Italian Wages.

The British vice-consul at Ancona, in a recent report on the trade of that district, gives an additional instance of the low wages paid in Italian industrial establishments. At the metallurgical works of Messrs. Di Catro & Co., a firm giving constant employment to over 200 hands, although wages have increased by about 10 per cent in the last three years, the average rates paid per day of ten and a half hours are—to boiler makers, 3s. 2d.; iron founders, 2s. 1d.; riveters, 2s. 11d.; turners, 3s. 2d. The works are being enlarged, and accommodation will be provided for building steamships of any size or tonnage. Coal, coke, pig iron, and all materials for boiler making are imported from Great Britain.

The Standard Wheel Company of Terre Haute has begun work on a truck on which the Columbian liberty bell, the duplicate of Independence bell, made of metal composed of moneys and art treasures contributed by the educational institutions of the country, will make a tour of this country and nearly all foreign lands. The workmen at the wheel works will donate their labor. The bell will go from Chicago to the G. A. R. encampment at Pittsburg and from there to Mexico, where President Diaz is arranging for a grand reception. Afterward it will be exhibited in the principal cities of this country, whence it will go to Europe.

Artificial Silk.

The process of producing "artificial silk," invented by Dr. Lehner, was shown to a party of scientists, etc., at Bradford recently. Waste cotton, wool, jute or other suitable material is reduced to an emulsion by means of a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, when it is formed into threads by forcing it through glass tubes of small bore, and is passed over a series of rollers and wound in the ordinary way on bobbins. Before the artificial silk is used in manufactures, or is sold, it is denitrated to destroy the explosive properties, and is also rendered unflammable, which will render it suitable for many purposes, especially as it is said to resemble real silk very closely.